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## TO THE SOCIETY

WHO

## CONDUCT THE ANTI-UNION.

GENTLEMEN,

**Y**OU have set out with professing to oppose an Union, and you have now published several numbers, in which you have given some very good arguments, no doubt, against that abominable measure; but you seem to me to be too cool, too abstract, too philosophical, in your discussion. In my mind you are very insipid milk and water gentlemen. You talk of this measure as you would of a difficult point of law, or of philosophy, in which your *head only*, not your *heart*, your *interest*, your *affections*, your *family*, your *posterity*, were concerned! My heart burns with indignation, my blood boils, my head becomes giddy when I think of it! and reading your paper does not tend to appease my feelings; for I tell you again you seem to me a set of cold, insensible, frog-blooded fellows. Have you been in Ireland for these last seven months, or are you dropped from the clouds with nothing but intellect about you? Are you yeomen? Have you been called from your warm habitations, from the bosom of your wife, the embraces of your children, to undergo all the fatigues and all the dangers of war to save our constitution? Have you drawn your sword against your countrymen, and bathed it in his blood, because he attempted to change that constitution? Have you lost your health and diminished your fortune in order to *keep your oath*, and defend to the utmost of your power the King, Lords, and Commons, of Ireland? And after all this, can you, when you are told that all you have been fighting for was a corrupt and despicable set of fellows who have sold their country, and have always done so, to the British minister—that the constitution which you have bled for was not worth a groat; and that your parliament, which you were taught to love and honor, must die an infamous death? Can you, I say, after all this, reason coldly and abstractedly upon this subject? why don't you speak out and tell the insolent fellows who talk in this manner, that the loyal Yeomanry of Ireland, the Orange-men, who have resisted rebellion, put down treason, and defended their country and its constitution, will not be insulted with impunity! that if they have been made to draw their sword against their deluded countrymen, they will not be backward to draw it against——But I have not patience to think on this subject—I love my King, God bless him: I am a friend to England, and I am perhaps a bigot in my love for the constitution I have lived under;—but am I then to be made a tool of to serve Mr. Pitt's purposes? God grant me patience! Pray, pray let me see something spirited on this subject from you, who pretend to dislike this foul measure as well as I, or I shall begin to think that there are none but knaves and fools in the world.

I am, Gentlemen,

An injured, insulted,

ORANGE YEOMAN.

## THE WOLF AND THE LAMB.

A FABLE.

Fabula Narratur. — De te

Hor.

**I**N days of yore, as tales agree,  
When beasts could speak like you and me,  
Long reign'd the terror of the wood,  
A WOLF, inur'd to war and blood:  
So fierce the savage, one would think  
Contention was his meat and drink—  
Nay some would take their bible oath,  
He lov'd it better far than both.  
Whate'er the strife, for bit or bone,  
He long'd to make the cause his own:  
With head strong rage the surly brute  
Provoked and manag'd each dispute;  
Though oft he smarted in his hide  
For joining the unlucky side.  
The Pitcher, antient proverbs tell,  
That goes too often to the well,  
Through many a daily peril past,  
Comes home a vessel crack'd at last;—  
And such in truth was IS GRIM's fate,  
For on he dash'd at such a rate,  
And grew with bites and blows so thin,  
His bones stood starting through the skin;  
Unable longer now to roam,  
And forc'd to cater nearer home,  
On a fair flock of sheep hard by,  
The spoiler turn'd a wishful eye.  
Long time he toil'd, and cast about  
To introduce his forward snout;  
For that once compassed, well he knew  
He soon might squeeze his body through:  
By fraud he trusted to prevail—  
For fraud succeeds, where force shall fail;  
Yet could he neither spring nor creep,  
The fence was high, THE DITCH WAS DEEP.  
Within, her guardian dam beside,  
A tender LAMBKIN he espied,  
That high above the ditch between,  
Frolick'd securely on the green.  
His lips he lick'd, enraptur'd quite  
At such a luscious, tempting sight;  
And thus with specious craft essay'd  
The fertile pasture to invade.

“Madam,” smooth speaking to the dam,  
He cried, “your humble slave I am:  
Be not alarmed to see a stranger,  
I come to warn you of your danger;  
A BEAR has seen your lovely daughter,  
He swears he'll swim across the water,  
And breaking through this sacred fence,  
Will force your little darling hence.  
Now if it pleases you and her,  
Let ME a lover's suit prefer;

Thus sav'd by me from death and ruin,  
 Why dread the hug of MONSIEUR BRUIN?  
 For once with me she forms alliance,  
 Our UNION bids the Bear defiance;  
 And while I guard her from the storm,  
 Her fleece shall keep my carcase warm.  
 Behold her manners rude and wild!—  
 I'll teach politeness to the child;  
 And when united with her betters,  
 Like Chefferfield, I'll write her letters;  
 So under IS GRIM's education,  
 Of me she'll learn *civilization*.

Pray let me lead the lady hence;  
 My lawyers shall make settlements,  
 In full and binding force upon her;  
 All this I promise on my honor,  
 For me and for mine heirs for ever,  
 And nought our UNION shall dis sever."

The subtle savage spake: his cunning  
 Soon set the mother's head a running,  
 Who puff'd with pride, began to scorn  
 The sphere to which her child was born:—  
 "Come, come," she cried, "good girl consider,  
 And take at once so high a bidder:  
 Cheer up, and show no bashful face,  
 But cast a *sheep's eye* at his grace:  
 Reject not this fair UNION pray,  
 Such offers come not every day."

Persuaded 'gainst her own opinion,  
 Poor LAMB submits to WOLF's dominion;  
 And comes with sad, averted eyes  
 A cold, reluctant sacrifice.

See, o'er the ditch his bride he leads,  
 Proud that his scheming craft succeeds;  
 Now wearied with so long a fast,  
 Anticipates the rich repast,  
 In fancy feasts on every joint,  
 So round, so plump, so *embonpoint*:  
 Till to his den of slaughter come,  
 He welcomes Mrs. IS GRIM home:  
 Then looks around—"A pretty jest,"  
 He cries, "what's here?—No dinner dress?  
 Whence, Madam, this omission, pray?  
 Thought you I would not dine to day?"

"Wreak not on me thy wrath," replied  
 With fault'ring tongue, his helpless bride;  
 "Consider, home with you I came,  
 Then how am I, good Sir, to blame?  
 Nor law, nor justice, can decree,  
 You for *your* wants should punish *me*.  
 Indeed it is no fault of mine,  
 That you had nought to day to dine."

"Silence!" the savage growl'd; "nor dare  
 To hope my hungry rage will spare;  
 What! shall *you* crop the flow'ry plain,  
 While for support I toil in vain?  
 Shall that smooth fleece and pumper'd side,  
 Insult my lean and shabby hide?  
 Such then the case, as I'm a sinner,  
 I'll never go without my dinner.  
 Vast are my debts, and I can ill  
 Afford to pay my butcher's bill:  
 Nay, Madam, why at me those looks?  
 Heav'n sends us meat, the devil *Cooks*.  
 Talk not to me that I'm unjust;  
 If you don't bear the brunt, who must?"

He said, and horrible to tell,  
 Fierce on his suppliant bride he fell;  
 Her quiv'ring limbs the savage tore,  
 And bath'd and revell'd in her gore.

The Sheep, who from the neighb'ring mead,  
 Beheld the filial victim bleed;  
 As now her sorrow came too late,  
 Thus wail'd her wretched daughter's fate:  
 "Why was I wheedled to consent,  
 To what in vain I must repent?  
 Alas I betrayed and left forlorn,  
 With fruitless tears my child I mourn!  
 OH YE, WHOM CRAFT IMPELS TO SEEK,  
 SUCH UNION OF THE STRONG AND WEAK,  
 BE WARN'D BY HER UNHAPPY FALL,  
 NOR GIVE WHAT YE CAN NE'ER RECALL!"

OLD TELL TRUTH.

### LOST,

FOR some time past, by a certain young Nobleman, either in the Castle or in the Parliament House, a very small sense of decency, which would be of no importance to the owner but that it was all he possessed in that way, and the want of it may injure him very materially with his patron. It was hoped to have been only astray until the motion for the committal of the regency bill demonstrated its being totally gone, and it is now known that the owner let it slip from between the most consummate vanity and the worst intentions with which it was packed up, but which still remain with him. Should any one attempt to use it, he may be certain that he shall be prosecuted with the utmost rigour of the Attorney General's new act. If offered for sale or pawn, it is requested notice may be sent to the Secretary's office.